

Why We Come to California

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Flora Robertson Shafter, 1940

Here comes the dust-storm Watch the sky turn blue. You better git out quick Or it will smother you.

Here comes the grasshopper, He comes a-jumpin' high. He jumps away across the state An' never bats an eye.

Here comes the river it sure knows its stuff. It takes our home and cattle, An' leaves us feelin' tough.

Californy, Californy, Here I come too. With a coffee pot and skillet, I'm a-comin' to you!